

Sicklemore (R.)

SALTINBANCO;

OR, THE

DISAGREEABLE SURPRIZE.

AN OPERA.

AS PERFORMED AT THE BRIGHTON THEATRE, WITH UNIVERSAL
APPLAUSE.

BY R. SICKELMORE,

AUTHOR OF EDGAR; OR, THE PHANTOM OF THE CASTLE,
A NOVEL, IN TWO VOLUMES:—THE FARCE OF THE DREAM;
—THE INTERLUDE OF QUARTER-DAY, &c. &c. &c.

THE MUSIC BY MR. PRINCE.

LEWES:

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MDCCECVIII.



DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Mr. SEDGLEY, - -	}	by	Mr. KING.
Mr. CARDAMOM, -			Mr. PRITCHARD.
Mr. STONEBANK, -			Mr. GIRTON.
Mr. HARDING, - -			Mr. MATE.
ROBERT, - - - -			Mr. DIDDEAR.
WILFORD, - - - -			Mr. ADCOCK.
Mrs. CARDAMOM, -			Mrs. WILMOT.
ROSETTE, - - - -			Mrs. PRITCHARD.
LAURA, - - - - -			Miss ARNOLD.

PEASANTS, &c.

SCENE: BRIGHTON and it's VICINITY.



SALTINBANCO, &c.

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I. — RURAL PROSPECT.

The Outside of a Cottage; Mr. SEDGLEY and ROBERT seated on a Bench, by the Door of the Cottage. A groupe of PEASANTS, &c.

All together as the Curtain rises.

AIR I.

SONS of labour, banish sorrow;
Care begone until to-morrow;
Since all must die at Jove's behest,
Whose life's the merriest lives the best.

Sedgley.

Age will advance with rapid stride,
Expel the sportive current's tide,
And leave in lieu a torpid stream,
Untinged by the solar beam.

Chorus.—Sons of labour, &c.

Robert.

Transient's youth, Æneſius deign,
Benign, to smile on pleasure's reign;
So shall our joy propitious prove,
Supremely sanction'd from above.

Chorus.—Sons of labour, &c.

B

Sedgley.

Sedgley.

Well, Robert, what do you think of our morning's repast?

Robert.

Excellent ! and our previous walk gave it an additional zest.

Sedgley.

Come, Rustics, the morning creeps apace, let not the hours of sportive merriment induce you to neglect the labour of the day.—Come, each to his ordination.

[*Exit Rustics, singing the Chorus.*

Sons of labour, banish sorrow,
Care begone until to-morrow ;
Since all must die at Jove's behest,
Whose life's the merriest lives the best.

Sedgley.

Now let us talk over the business again, respecting Harry Stonebank and my daughter. Your scheme I approve of highly. You will, you say, impose yourself upon Stonebank as in imminent distress ; and I'll continue to keep up the joke between my daughter and Cardamom ;—it pleases me to think what a confounded dilemma they imagine themselves in already.

Robert.

Stonebank, I dare aver, will answer every good, our most sanguine expectations ever formed of him. Poor fellow, I'm sorry for his misfortune.

Sedgley.

Sedgley.

For why ? hasn't my daughter money sufficient to satisfy the necessities of both ?—His misfortune indeed ! I'm glad of it, I'm glad the fellow whom he signed the Bond to oblige, has left him in the lurch—as it gives me an opportunity to prove the regard I have for him ; that is, if he does not derogate from the character of a man in his reception of yourself, as the necessitous Steward of his deceased father.

Robert.

I doubt him not. And you, I'll venture to assert, will never have cause to reproach yourself for your liberality.

Sedgley.

May be not ; but I am determined to have my frolick out with Cardamom notwithstanding.—Why, would you believe it, Master Robert, that after Stonebank had so materially injured his fortune, in consequence of signing the Bond I before alluded to—himself and my daughter took it into their noddles that I had an aversion to their marriage, though Heaven knows from what concurrence of circumstances they were induced to draw so false a conclusion ; wherefore I was determined to punish them for the unfavourable opinion they had presumed to entertain of my principles ;—and for which reason, and no other, I introduced Cardamom as a suitor for my daughter. A good joke, wasn't it :—Ha ! Ha ! Ha !—

B 2

Robert.

Robert.

Pray who is this Cardamom?

Sedgley.

O quite a character—a fellow made up of obsolete terms—but more of him hereafter; do you proceed to hasten our plot with Stonebank,—he imagined himself justified in doubting the rectitude of my conduct, and it would not be consistent with the laws of retaliation, if I were not to be ascertained of the propriety of his.

Robert.

Believe me, Sir, I would not thus assist you to develope his character, were I not positively convinced, that the more extensive is your knowledge of him, the better reason you will have to approve and admire; his reputation will bear the test of enquiry, I promise you,—for like a bar of unpolished steel, the harder the labour to discriminate its qualities, the more brilliant it appears.

Sedgley.

It was a fortunate circumstance you did not write to Stonebank, to apprise him of your intended visit; and that my house last night was the first you conceived requisite to stop at, for the necessary instruction to discover his.—As I live, yonder's Cardamom, and he seems walking this way.

Robert.

Well, Sir, I shall immediately procure myself a disguise; for my habiliment, simple as it is, bears rather

rather the mark of a moderate competency in their possessor, than the humiliating prospect of extreme penury.

Sedgley.

Return to my house, and any of the servants will accommodate you with a suit of their old cast off liveries.

Robert.

The very thing ; I shall then proceed to accomplish an interview with Stonebank, after which I will return and inform you of the success of our project.

[*Exit Robert.*

Sedgley.

Now could I almost find in my heart to call him back again,—inform Stonebank of the whole affair,—and make him happy with my daughter. No : I think I will not, either ; but if he behaves liberal to Robert, he shall marry Laura to-morrow ;—and joy relishes with ten-fold flavor when sweetened by the death of disappointment.

A I R II.

The traveller, benighted,
His road long sought in vain,
When found his mind's delighted ;
Sweet the pleasure after pain :

When at his Inn, refreshing,
He joins the jovial strain,
All care forgot, distressing,
Sweet the pleasure after pain.

SCENE

SCENE II.

*Enter CARDAMOM.**Cardamom.*

Heavens ! Mr. Sedgley ; at so early an hour. I did not conceive I should have the inexpressible happiness of meeting your Honour in my peragation.

Sedgley.

Mr. Cardamom, your humble Servant ;—hope I see you well this morning ?

Cardamom.

Sir, you are the quintessence of politeness ; indifferent, I thank you, Sir.—Pray have you read the papers this morning ?

Sedgley.

I have not, Sir. But suppose we resign that subject, for the present, and speak of what more essentially concerns ourselves. Laura, notwithstanding your indefatigable perseverance and wond'rous attention, still cherishes her passion for Stonebank.

Cardamom.

I wish I was his physician, damn me but I would poison him. A fellow, whose brain is as feculent as his suit is presumptuous, though his ignorance may be sufficiently understood by the fatuity of his colloquy ;—am I then to be rejected for such an ignoramus as this ; I, who possess every ability which an early propensity for literature enabled me to acquire,

quire ; my persevering lucubration during the time I spent at the University astonished the pericranium of the Pedagogue, and envy of my extraordinary genius was the predominant passion of the major part of his pupils. And then, Sir, for my external accomplishments ; look at me, Sir,—observe me well,—and tell me if you do not conceive my majestic appearance commands alliciency—why even in my bannian I have fascinated the ladies—

Sedgley.

Strange ! that my headstrong daughter should alone be blind to so much merit.

Cardamom.

Strange indeed ! and affect to prefer a scoundrel, merely, as she says, because he's the reverse of me,—well, I declare her behaviour is perfectly acataleptic ;—and the grandiloquous manner with which she ever addresses me, I am afraid will break my heart ; she knows not the preciousity of the man whom she thus treats with so much tergiversation and disgust.

Sedgley.

What you say, Mr. Cardamom, may be all very true ; but curse me, if I am not at a loss to define every third word you utter,—grandiloquous, preciousity, acataleptic, tergiversation ! why its Latin to me, who have had but a simple country education.

Cardamom.

You do not understand Latin then, I presume, Sir ?

Sedgley.

Sedgley.
Nor English either ; if those uncouth expressions which you so particularly addict yourself to utter, are English.

Cardamom.
Propria quæ maribus tribuunter mascula dicas, ut sunt divorum, Mars, Bacchus, Apollo, virorum.

Sedgley.
Sir !—

Cardamom.
My dear Mr. Sedgley, excuse me ; I cannot detach my attention from my business, I was only quoting the case of a patient of mine, who—

Sedgley.
But why to me, Sir ? You know I don't understand you.

Cardamom.
I should wonder if you did ; for curse me if I understand myself. (*Aside.*)—My dear, Sir, I'll translate it to you in a minute. Propria quæ maribus, is—is—a contraction on the marrow bones : Masculas dicas, elucidated, is—is—a number of small arteries which pass directly between the bone and the inner skin, like so many lengths of unstringed packthread, should any of which arteries in the common course of circulation, meet with any obstruction, it forms immediately a kind of a twisted contraction on the bone ; now this case seldom occurs but on the large bones, whence the term, Propria quæ maribus,

or

or contraction on the marrow bones. Ut sunt divorum, Mars, Bacchus, Apollo, virorum,—are technical terms for the medicines usually applied to stop the progression of the aforementioned disorder, should every of which fail of their wonted efficacy, amputation succeeds. And my poor patient, who led me to this digression, had the inexpressible pleasure to lose a limb by my hand this morning. Now I'll illustrate another case, which occurred—

Sedgley.

I request, Sir, you will not give yourself that trouble; as I do not understand your medical terms, it is unnecessary to recite what I cannot comprehend.—I must alter this subject, if possible. O I have it. (*Aside.*)—I have heard, Mr. Cardamom, that you have been a warrior in your time, and have seen some little service?

Cardamom.

Indeed you may say that, Sir.—A little service it has been sure enough to mankind in general; but as the old gentleman seems to possess a tolerable portion of credulity, it shall go hard but I will turn it to my advantage. (*Aside.*)—I received six-and-thirty wounds, Sir, under that brave veteran the late King of Prussia, at the battle of—of—Zounds! I have forgot the name; but if you'll give me your attention, I'll recite to you the particulars of our last engagement.

C.

Sedgley.

Sedgley.

If you please, Sir.

Cardamom.

No sooner had Aurora, bright Goddess of the Morn, mounted her Silver Car, and blessed the World with her all inspiring presence,—than the Trumpets shrilly clang brayed forth its accustomed salutation, and breathed defiance to the insulting Arms of France, when our enemies appeared in view, with Drums, Trumpets, and Colours flying 'bout their Ears, shewed their equal determination to dispute the right to be obeyed. The Pill-boxes on both sides were ready charged, and only waited for the express commands of the Doctors to be administered to their several patients. The amputating Knives were unsheathed, and seemed to grin gashfully on their devoted victims.

Sedgley.

Pill-boxes and amputating Knives ! to me your language is unintelligible. You should consider, I'm not an Apothecary !

Cardamom.

True, so I should, Sir ; I had quite forgot that—let me see, with what did I leave off ?

Sedgley.

With Pill-boxes and amputating Knives.

Cardamom.

No sooner had I prepared my amputating Knife, (an instrument, the very sight of which struck terror

to

to the heart of my patient) and placed myself in a position suitable to the occasion, when the French came rushing upon us from all sides :—My retreat was much better than could be expected, considering I had my patient to take off.

Sedgley.

Damn me ! but he's certainly mad !—much better retreat than could be expected—patient to take off !—In the name of every thing that is incomprehensible, what do you mean, Sir ?

Cardamom.

Mr. Sedgley, I sincerely beg your pardon ; your goodness will not suffer you to punish an involuntary error ; two subjects obtruded upon my memory, before I had sufficient time to express one. I intended to have explained to you the particulars of the engagement at—I have forgot the name—when my poor patient, whom I lopped this morning, rushed forcibly on my mind, and marred the description. But to make short of the matter I'll begin it again—No sooner had Aurora, bright Goddess—

Sedgley.

Oh ! by no means !—there's no occasion for it at present.—Besides, the Breakfast waits for me, and you shall walk to my house and partake of a basin of coffee with me. What say you, have you any objection ?

Cardamom.

None, Sir :—You do me infinite honor by your obliging invitation.

C 2

Sedgley.

Sedgley.

Then follow me, and I'll lead you to the scene
of action. [Exit Sedgley.

Cardamom.

I'll follow immediately.—I have made the old fellow believe I have been a terrible fighting dog in my time ; though Heaven knows, I never was a stone's cast beyond little England since I quitted my native Scotland ;—it will be a snug thing if I can but illaqueate his daughter,—a ten thousand pounder, at least,—Oh ! she's mine to a certainty, I have the old Codger's consent, and I have got my own, and should the girl refuse, why the odds are two to one against her ; therefore I make myself perfectly easy on what may occur from that quarter. Heaven knows, I have had a number of ups and downs in this world :—It would be unjust in the extreme, if Providence didn't bring me to safe anchorage at last.

A I R III.

First a Taylor, bound apprentice,
Sev'n long years I served in pain ;
Then a lackey to a Dentist,
Fatigue was mine, and his the gain ;
Barber-Surgeon next my station,
Cut corns, drew teeth, could bleed and shave ;
Druggist next my occupation,
I numbers hasten'd to the grave ;
A Farrier soon I join'd in paction
That we our profit equal share,
Dame Fortune chose a wrong direction,
And left us, as she found us—bare

Of

Of virtue, honesty,
 Cash and urbanity,
 But impudence left me a plentiful share;
 I rallied my forces,
 Resign'd killing horses,
 Turn'd QUACK, full resolv'd not a mortal to spare;
 Who by blister or pill
 Would but once try my skill
 His pockets I'd rifle—constitution impair;
 And still am resolv'd not to beat a retreat,
 Common sense, while an outlaw, I'm safe in my seat.
 Should your case be spasmodic,
 Paralytic, icteric;
 Were you nosopoetic,
 Oh! I am the man to relieve you from pain,
 With hypnotic, emetic,
 Analeptic, nephritic,
 I'm withall cabalistic,
 You never may meet with my fellow again.
 I still am resolv'd not to beat a retreat,
 Common sense, while an outlaw, I'm safe in my seat.
 [Exit.

SCENE III.—A GROVE.

Enter STONEBANK.

Stonebank.

Cruel, cruel, fortune! thus to be thwarted in my
 most anxious desires. But hold, let me not com-
 plain, while thousands more wretched than myself,
 bear their calamities without murmuring.

AIR

AIR IV.

O love! thou source of joy and pain,
Beguiling ever, ever vain,
Ever pleasing,
Ever teasing,
The unwary trav'ller decoys,
First 'cites his hopes, then damps his joys,
Thy transient pleasure but annoys
The mind, and calm content destroys.

SCENE IV.

Enter ROBERT disguised.

Robert.

Heaven save your honour! I beseech you bestow
your charity, to relieve the exigencies of a wretch,
who else must perish.

Stonebank.

Perish! and in the land of plenty! Heaven and
Englishmen avert thy dire presage!—Sure I should
know those features: Robert Staplefield, my late
father's steward, or I err greatly?

Robert.

The same your honour!—and reduced to the de-
plorable alternative of asking alms, or perishing for
want.

Stonebank.

Poor, Robert!—I would it was in my power to
relieve you accordant to my wishes, or your merit
deserves.

Robert.

Robert.

And do'st thou refuse to bestow thy mite to succour a poor old wretch, grown grey in thy father's service ? methinks I never felt depressed till now.

Stonebank.

No, no, Robert, you misconstrue me.—We have both known happier times.—When my father died, you, I thought, retired to spend the latter part of your days free from servitude, having accumulated a sufficiency for the easy support of old age, from the well-earned gleanings of your youth !

Robert.

Nourished in the lap of plenty, I am the less able to bear the painful struggles of penury. The wretch who never enjoyed the blessing of sight, cannot feel acutely the want of what he never possessed ; while the poor dejected mortal, who has been deprived of that dearest of all nature's gifts, groans under the severest calamity Providence in an angry mood could bestow, lies himself on his bed of straw, addresses his Creator, and to him offers a fervent petition, that the return of morn may discover his poor miserable carcass as destitute of animation, as the lifeless straw he reclines on.

Stonebank.

(Gives his purse to Robert)

Here ! take this !—and was it the last guinea I possessed, I should feel a pleasure in bestowing it.—For the man who shuts his ears to the supplication
of

of a fellow-creature in distress, loses one of the most exquisite sensations human nature can possibly experience, *The approbation of his own heart.*

Robert.

And may that heart, which can thus bounteously relieve the necessities of the unfortunate, never want the consoling hand of friendship, to cheer his drooping spirits in the hour of tribulation.

Stonebank.

But, inform me, Robert, by what wond'rous fatality you were thus reduced ?

Robert.

My story's short your honour ; but the consequences incident to it, I am afraid will be of long continuance. At the demise of your father, I found myself in possession of about two thousand pounds, fifteen hundreds of which I expended in purchasing a small house, with such conveniences annexed to it as would have rendered my latter days happy, free from the noise and bustle of the world ; all of which, uninsured, was destroyed by fire.

Stonebank.

Poor, Robert ! —sincerely do I condole with you in your misfortunes.

Robert.

It broke my dear wife's heart, and left me a disconsolate old man, some pounds worse than nothing, to lament her loss. *(Weeps.)*

Stonebank.

Stonebank.

Cheerly, good Robert ; let not the remembrance of thy disappointments thus cast thee down ;—be-wail not past calamities, for those are irremediable ; but with the resolution of a man, endeavour to substitute such comfort, as the present period admits.—Come, come, don't be cast down ; Providence may have happy days in store for you yet.

Robert.

Happiness, and myself, have long since shaken hands and parted. My all was lost in that dire conflagration, and I have not one friend in all this wide world to smoothe my passage to the next.

Stonebank.

Yes, Robert, thou hast still a friend, who will be a comforter to thy declining years,—who will sympathize in thy sorrow, and wipe the tear of anguish from thine eyes. Yes, Robert, I will be thy friend, thy protector, thy consoler ; thou shalt live with me, my fortune shall be thine ; there still remains sufficient for the support of both.

Robert.

O Sir ! your generosity overpowers me ; your condescension——

Stonebank.

No reply, Robert ; retire to my dwelling, where I will quickly attend you, and relate to you the particulars of my ill luck, since I quitted our old hospitable mansion at the demise of my father.

D

Robert.

*Robert.*Now for another interview with Sedgley. (*Afide.*)[*Exit.*]*Stonebank.*

Could I but obtain the hand of my dear Laura, I might yet be happy : When fortune, prolific of her favours, op'd her plenteous store, and heaped on my shoulders part of the golden contents, then did Sedgley deem himself honoured by my pretensions to become one of his family : But no sooner had the fickle Dame withdrawn her smiles, and deputed the wrinkled hag, Poverty, in her station, when he conceived himself justified in opposing my union with his daughter ; forbad me his house, with a strict injunction never to think of Laura more.— But I know she loves me ; and that one cheering ray of happiness illumines my mind, 'midst all the gloomy horrors that surround it. Little did I imagine some five years ago, I should ever live to see a day like this.

A I R V.

In a pleasant retreat, at the foot of a hill,

My father's tall mansion appear'd,

Encircled by trees, near a murmuring rill,

Hygia had ever endear'd.

How the time flit away,

As we quaff'd through the day,

In a bumper to friendship divine ;

That each jolly good soul,

Ere he'd conquer'd his bowl,

At the behest of time would repine.

Hospitality's

Hospitality's mansion, a friend to mankind,
Mankind did the blessing repay,
By banishing sorrow, gave care to the wind,
Upholding the bliss of the day.
How the time flit away,
As we quaff'd through the day,
In a bumper to friendship divine;
That each jolly good soul,
Ere he'd conquer'd his bowl,
At the behest of time would repine.

[Exit.]

END OF ACT FIRST.

ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE I. — A STREET.

Enter Mrs. CARDAMOM and Mr. HARDING.

Mrs. Cardamom.

I DECLARE, Brother, I am quite fatigued; I abominate travelling in a Stage-Coach,—and nothing but concerns of the greatest emergency should ever induce me to act so opposite to my inclination.

Harding.

I hope our's will not be a fruitless jaunt, Sister; that we shall be fortunate enough to discover the

D 2

Runaway,

Runaway, and bring him to a proper sense of his duty.—Are you certain he is in Brighton ?

Mrs. Cardamom.

I have been credibly informed that he has been vending his quackeries here, these six weeks past, to the destruction of the poor inhabitants.

(Speaking very loud to him.)

Harding.

I wish I could perceive any person of whom I could make enquiry ; perhaps by that means we may discover his residence. Halloo ! friend ;—can you inform me where a gentleman by the name of Cardamom is to be met with ?

S C E N E II.

Enter WILFORD.

Wilford.

Aye, marry can I, Sir ; for more reasons than one. The first is, I had nearly lost my life by swallowing a quantity of his vile drugs :—My second is, he will shortly be married to Miss Laura Sedgley, the daughter of a very respectable gentleman, whom I have the honor to serve.

Mrs. Cardamom.

What do you say, Sir ? shortly to be married to Miss Sedgley,—impossible ! you certainly must have been misinformed.

Wilford.

Wilford.

O! no, Madam!—if you have heard any report to the contrary, it is yourself who have been misinformed; I am tolerably acquainted with the propriety of my assertion. But, however, if my bare word is not sufficient to corroborate my intelligence, Mr. Sedgley himself will acquaint you, for he makes no secret of his intention, I assure you.

Mrs. Cardamom.

Barbarous, inhuman monster! (*Weeps.*)

Wilford.

No reflection on my Master, I hope, Madam?

Harding.

My dear Sister, do you express your surprize and regret at his having murdered Miss Sedgley; you who have had so often ocular demonstration of his depredations on the constitutions of a too credulous public. For my part, I am always excessively astonished, when I hear any of his patients are likely to survive.

Mrs. Cardamom.

Married to Miss Sedgley, Brother!

Harding.

Married!—Amazement! why the dog will be hanged for polygamy!—He must certainly have lost his senses.

Wilford.

A perfect reasonable conclusion;—do you suppose any man in his senses would consent to be married!

Harding.

Harding.

Pray, friend, how long may it be since the union of Miss Sedgley and Mr. Cardamom has taken place ?

Wilford.

How long since ? why if matters go on as promising as they appear to do at present, five weeks hence they will have been married a month. For this morning I overheard Mr. Sedgley inform his daughter, that this day week he had peremptorily fixed for their wedding day.

Harding.

Five weeks to day ! eh friend !—How unfortunate, Sister, we were not on the spot to prevent it !

Wilford.

What is it you mean, Sir ?—do you wilfully seem to misunderstand me ?—or—

Harding.

Do I condemn you, friend ?—Certainly not : You could not help it, you know, had you been ever so inclined to have done it.

Wilford.

This is the rummest old codger I ever encountered !

Mrs. Cardamom.

Brother, brother, you do not hear what is said to you. Leave me to interrogate. Will you, Sir, condescend to inform me, where Mr. Sedgley dwells ?

dwells?—He little imagines, the man who is to espouse his daughter, has a wife already.

Wilford.

A wife already!—Mr. Cardamom married! didn't you say so, pray?—

Mrs. Cardamom.

Alas! it is but too true; and to my tribulation, who am his wife. (*Weeps.*)

Wilford.

You his wife?—You Mrs. Cardamom?—I'm petrified! Do you see that white house yonder, by the side of an eminence, quite at the extremity of the town—there Mr. Sedgley resides, and it is ten to one but the person you have been enquiring after is there now.

Mrs. Cardamom.

Here, friend, for detaining you so long, accept this trifle. (*Gives him money.*)—Come then, Brother, let us hasten to shew the knave in his true colours.

Wilford.

Good day, Rum one!

Harding.

No, I thank you, Sir!—I dare aver my Sister will be able to discover the house, after your obliging instruction.

[*Exit Mrs. Cardamom and Harding.*

Wilford.

Curse me! but he's as hard of hearing as a City Alderman, when business would prevent his attendance

dance at a Turtle feast.—This will be rare information for Stonebank, and as I love to be the harbinger of good tidings, I'll immediately run and inform him, before he gains the intelligence from any one else.

(Is going off.)

SCENE III.

Enter ROSETTE:

Rosette.

Whither so fast, Wilford?—but, however, you may go; do not let my presence impede your haste, if your inclination points that way I should be sorry to obstruct you.

Wilford.

Ah! my dear little Rosette, how d'ye do? I am so happy to see you,—I have such a piece of news for you, that even though it may *horrify* you to hear it, notwithstanding it will please you beyond conception—But I say, my sweet little charmer, when are you and me to be married. Give me a kiss, you Gipsy, do,—and reply, whenever you please, Wilford. *(Kisses her.)*

Rosette.

Adone, you devil, do!—Is this your news which was to *horrify* and delight me? Married, indeed! while my poor young lady is imprisoned like a bird in a cage, not even suffered to walk into the garden, lest Stonebank, by some magic or other, should be there

there likewise. And all through that filthy wretch, Cardamom, to be thus cruelly torn from the man of her choice.

Wilford.

Cruel indeed, Rosette!—I dare say you wouldn't survive a week, if you were prevented from enjoying the pleasure of my company?

Rosette.

Out upon your conceit!

Wilford.

But you didn't answer me, Rosette, when I should publish the banns.

Rosette.

Then hear me now:—When my Master discards Cardamom, and gives his consent for Mr. Stonebank to marry Miss Laura.

Wilford.

I take you at your word;—for Cardamom has a wife already.

Rosette.

Cardamom a wife?

Wilford.

Aye! and what's more, she has this moment left me, and is now gone to inform my Master of the whole affair; who, I don't doubt, as soon as he is made acquainted of it, will immediately consent that his Daughter shall go to church with Stonebank;—therefore kiss me, you Jade you, and then we'll hasten home and learn particulars. (*Kisses her.*)

E

Rosette.

Rosette. And there likewise.
For shame! we shall be observed by the neighbours.

Wilford.

You'll remember your promise, *Rosette*?

Rosette. I will, if you remember to keep yours.

You will have your way, *Wilford*.

Wilford.

And our lives shall be as merry as the day is long

A I R VI.

Wilford. But you didn't answer me, when I should

When evening's mirth, invites the lay,

And is forgot the busy day,

Then shall we, Then hear me now, Master dilectus

Ever free, Cardamom, and gives his counsel for Mr. Stone-

Cheerily,

Merrily,

Fal, lal, lal, lal, lal, lal, de ray.

BOTH. Then shall we, &c. I take you at your word, you are already

Rosette.

When happy warblers on the spray,

Proclaim the morn in silver grey,

Then shall we, &c.

Wilford. Aye! and what's the meaning of this

When tumbling on the new mown hay, me, and what's the meaning of this

Dancing, frisking, jocund, gay, whole affair, what's the meaning of this

Then shall we, &c. made acquainted with the

Rosette.

When bleating lambkins sport and play, that the Doctor shall

And swains to labour haste away. — therefore, I will

Then shall we, &c. better home and

Rosette.

Rosette.

Fal, fal, fal, fal, fal, fal, de lay,

Wilford.

Dancing, frisking, jocund, gay.

BOTH. Long may we,

Ever free,

Cheerily,

Merrily,

Fal, lal, lal, lal, lal, lal, de ray.

SCENE IV.

A Room in Mr. SEDGLEY'S House.

Enter Mr. SEDGLEY and ROBERT.

Sedgley.

Why, did you ever hear tell of such an infamous transaction, Master Robert?—A scoundrel, to offer himself a candidate for my daughter, who has a wife already. Zounds! I could almost wish him married to Laura, that I might have it in my power to hang the villian!

Robert.

Are you certain, the person who gave you all this information, is indubitably what she presumes to be, the wife of Cardamom?

Sedgley.

I've not a doubt of it; and her Brother, who is with her, likewise informed me, that Cardamom is indebted to him One Hundred Pounds, which he

borrowed of him some little time previous to his quitting his wife; and that the purport of their journey now was, if possible, to discover him—and convince him of the impropriety of his conduct—and endeavour to persuade him to receive his wife amicably,—who would, in consideration of his promising to make her a tender husband in future, bury his past indiscretions in oblivion.

Robert.

A very lenient resolve.

Sedgley.

But should they meet with an obstinate refusal on his part, immediately to arrest him for the Hundred Pounds, and leave him to reproach himself for his contumacy within the miserable boundaries of a prison.

Robert.

Well, Sir, and how do you intend to proceed in this affair?

Sedgley.

Why my first design was instantly to have sent for Stonebank, acquaint him with the trick I had been playing upon him, and have made him happy with my daughter.

Robert.

And I sincerely hope you still possess the same resolution.

Sedgley.

Ask no more questions;—let it suffice for you to know, that in the end, Stonebank will marry

Laura,

Laura, who after his truly generous reception of yourself, is doubly endeared to me;—but before I suffer him to follow the dictates of his own inclination, I mean to surprize Cardamom, in a way he little dreams of.

Robert.

Is it a fair question to enquire, in what manner you mean to surprize him?

Sedgley.

Certainly, as the reply depends upon myself; which is this, that I will answer no interrogatories whatever. Time will elucidate every occurrence; in the interim, keep yourself out of the way, as I would not wish you again to meet Stonebank, 'till I have had a little conversation with him myself; I dispatched a note to him this morning, requesting his attendance at my house to-morrow at ten.

Robert.

Pray, isn't Miss Sedgley acquainted with the visit, that has been paid to yourself, by Mrs. Cardamom and her brother?

Sedgley.

No; nor do I intend she shall as yet;—the Servants I have already enjoined to secrecy; and Mrs. Cardamom and her brother have both promised to assist in a plot of my contriving, of which you will know more hereafter, and then—

Robert.

What then, Sir?

Sedgley.

Sedgley.
 I Stonebank marries my daughter, and you and
 I shall both partake of the jolliest, merriest 'bout. I
 declare my spirits are exhilarated by the antici-
 pation of future pleasure.

A I R VII.

Jolly Bacehus, thy choicest old stingo prepare,
 Blicthe Momus inspire us with glee,
 Let Apollo with Wisdom be seen in the rear,
 So sacred our pleasure shall be ;
 Our bliss, how extatic, our mirth how refin'd,
 With wine, wit and prudence together combin'd.
 When Time taps the window, and bids us remove,
 Discretion shall thank the good elf,
 For his blessing bestow'd and his timely reproof,
 Then each one exclaims to himself,
 Our bliss how extatic, our mirth how refin'd,
 With wine, wit and prudence together combin'd.

Here comes Laura ; step on one side with me, and
 listen how plaintively she will bemoan her cruel des-
 tiny.—I'll teach you to have a better opinion of
 your father in future, I will, you Jade !

[Sedgley and Robert conceal themselves.]

S C E N E V.

Enter LAURA.

A I R VIII.

When kindly Somnus, god of sleep,
 In slumber lulls my care to rest,
 The tranquil moments, ah ! how blest,
 To those who but awake to weep.

When

When Sol, refulgent, wakes the morn,
 Enchanting Nature, smiling, gay,
 Enraptur'd hails the god of day—
 Save hapless Laura, poor forlorn.

Sedgley.

Ha! ha! ha! Admirable!—Why, Laura, you are wonderfully improved in your singing. Your Husband will like you all the better for it, Child.—I suppose your Maid has acquainted you that to-morrow I have peremptorily fixed for your wedding-day?

Laura.

Impossible!—My dear, dear Father! on my knees I supplicate not to be made for ever miserable with that wretch, Cardamom: I ask you not to countenance the pretensions of Henry Stonebank; do not force me to accept an object my soul loathes, and I will never act contrary to your approbation by marrying a man you may disapprove. My ever dear and honoured Father, do not make me wretched by your cruel inflexibility.

Robert.

For Heaven's sake! Mr. Sedgley, let me deceive——

Sedgley.

Prefume but to utter one word opposite to my wishes, and I will banish Stonebank from my sight for ever. (*Afide to Robert.*)——You understand me, Sir!

Robert.

Robert.
I cannot bear to be a witness to so much apparent cruelty !—Mr. Sedgley, your humble servant—

[Exit Robert.]

Sedgley.

Urge me no farther, Laura, but hear me silently and obey this my positive affirmation.—That you, to-morrow, kindly receive the Man whom I have selected for your Husband!

Laura.
Oh ! my Father ! I never disobeyed 'till now !

Sedgley.

A truce to circumlocution !—For did you possess the eloquence of a Cicero, you could not move me from my firm resolve !

[Laura retires.]

SCENE V.

Enter CARDAMOM running, and out of breath.

Cardamom.

Huzza ! Huzza ! Huzza !—My dear Mr. Sedgley, you can't conceive how happy I am to find you at home !—I have such a rare piece of intelligence to communicate, as will make your old heart bound with joy, and relax that corrugation which so conspicuously pervades your countenance.—An hallucination of mine this morning had nearly contracted my features to the same stamp as your own ; but a
farther

farther investigation of the subject discovered my error, dispelled the vapour which had completely gained possession of the animal spirits, and rendered me happy as you now see.

Sedgley.

Zounds! what does the man mean?

Cardamom.

Why, Sir, our brave hearts of oak have returned to their respective duties, and have all unanimously declared, that nothing but death shall separate them in future from the interests of their King and Country. There's news for you, old boy!—Huzza!—Why don't you rejoice?

(Claps Sedgley violently on the shoulder.)

Sedgley.

I hear of it with as much innate pleasure as you did, Sir; though I do not annoy my neighbours by expressing my joy in so boist'rous and reprehensible a manner as a certain impudent, illiterate, presuming SALTINBANCO, of my acquaintance.

Cardamom.

Illiterate, presuming SALTINBANCO!—Damn me! but the old gentleman begins to smoke me!—However, I shall sufficiently punish him for his scurrility, by marrying his daughter and decamping with her fortune,—therefore, mum! *(Aside.)*—Nay, now dear Mr. Sedgley, cease to express your anger, to hurt the feelings of your friend, who lives but to

F

oblige,

oblige, and render himself worthy of your patronage and esteem.

Sedgley.

Damned, artful, designing Hypocrite ! (*Aside.*)

—Well, well, excuse me ; I acknowledge I was to blame, the best of friends tiff sometimes, you know. It is the oil which makes the wheels of affection runs glibly. We never should so nicely discriminate the value of our companions, did not the irascible particles of our composition now and then endanger the existence of their beneficent partiality.

Cardamom.

—Sir ! the honorificability of your disposition ever preponderates the united efforts of pride and injustice. And never did the radical virtue of your intelligent power appear with such divine radiancy as in this your exemplary apology. — Ah ! my dear Miss Laura ! — I declare this good news has so blinded the perception of my optics, that, 'till this moment, I didn't discover you were present : — Permit me, Miss, to feel your pulse ?

Laura.

Excuse me, Sir ! at present I have no occasion for your advice : Should I be necessitated to procure the assistance of an Apothecary, if you leave your address, my servant shall wait on you.

Sedgley.

Laura, I command you instantly comply with Mr. Cardamom's request, and do not oblige me to exert

exert my authority as a parent, to make a disobedient child subservient to her duty.

Cardamom.

My address!—Servant wait on me!—A little delirious this morning, I apprehend. (*Takes out his watch; receives her hand.*) As I imagined! your hand feels a little calefactory, Miss,—tick! tick! tick!—Your pulse is quite feverish! and your frequent pandiculations intimate an attack of the Jaundice!

Laura.

Is the the man deranged! or is it your design to insult me?—(*To her Father*) With your permission, Sir, I will quit the room.

Sedgley.

Stay, Laura: It is my desire you continue where you are.—Curse me! but I have a great mind to knock him down, only it will mar my plot. (*Aside.*)

Cardamom.

Mr. Sedgley, pray take every possible care of your daughter, for my sake; and follow implicitly my instruction, which is this, The hypnotic draught to be taken immediately, and the februge which I shall send with the hypnotic, to be administered as soon as the lethargy in consequence of the hypnotic is gone off. These medicines, I have not the shadow of a doubt, will irrefragably restore to health my dear, sweet patient. Mr. Sedgley, I am your obsequious

very humble Servant,—My lovely, charming Laura,
and wife elect, adieu ! *(Is going.)*

Sedgley.

Mr. Cardamom, I request your presence for a few minutes ?

Cardamom.

Do pray, Sir, let what you have to say be as succinct as possible ; for I am on thorns 'till I have informed all my acquaintances of this important news.

Sedgley.

Well, Sir, I shall detain you but a few minutes ; I only wish to inform you, that I yield to your urgent solicitations, and have appointed the day succeeding to-morrow for Laura's nuptials. And Timothy Cardamom, Esq; shall receive from my hand—*his Wife.*

Laura,

Oh ! Heavens !

Cardamom.

My dear Sir ! you have transported me !—And if an ever watchful, ever anxious tenderness to anticipate every wish, and accomplish every request of my destined Bride, will continue to secure to me your present partial opinion, it shall be my diurnal study to merit your approbation.

Sedgley.

The impression I have already received of your character and principles, will never be eventually erased ;—therefore cease your volubility for the present,

sent, and attend me to-morrow morning, precisely at ten o'clock, when the matter shall be finally settled; and then I will treat you with such a **SURPRIZE**, as at present, I am positive, you have no conception of.

Cardamom.

You delight me, Sir!—I am passionately fond of being *surprized*, particularly when I have every reason to imagine the astonishment will prove **AGREEABLE**:—It's the precursor of harmony!

Sedgley.

A precursor to the exposition of thy villainy it will prove, or I am prodigiously mistaken. (*Aside.*)

—Well, Sir! be you exact to the hour of appointment, and you will find me ready to perform my promise.

Cardamom.

I'll attend you, Sir!—Until which time I have the inexpressible pleasure of wishing my dear Laura every possible enjoyment; though I have a something within that informs me, spight of her apparent aversion, she cannot taste true happiness, but when her constant adorer is present. Mr. Sedgley I kiss your hand.

[*Exit Cardamom.*]

Laura.

Now, my dear Papa, can you seriously wish me to marry this insignificant coxcomb?

Sedgley.

Sedgley.

My wishes and your's seldom coincide, and you never appear so gratified as when my desires are thwarted :—A smile on my features, produces a frown of contempt on yours ; and if I have cause to be sad, your ridiculous affectation of mirth is insufferable. But no matter ; should I again discover you with Stonebank, you may have cause to repent of your temerity. *[Exit Sedgley.]*

Laura.

Poor Laura ! thy Sun of happiness is set ! never I fear to rise again. The gay prospects which thy youthful fancy in variegated tints would disclose to cheer the hours of seclusion, are now vanished for ever. Cruel, unkind father !

AIR IX.

The rose, that so lovely adorned the mead,
A cold chilling blight near destroy'd ;
Maria, dejected, in tears hung her head,
That her fav'rite should thus be annoy'd.
She shelter'd the leaves from the element's blast,
Sensibility's drops cheer'd the root ;
Death, vanquish'd by friendship, relinquish'd his grasp,
And fresh vigor enliven'd each shoot.

So Laura, depriv'd of the swain of her choice,
Like the blight stops the progress of joy ;
No fav'rite Maria, with sweet soothing voice,
The soft accents of friendship employ.

[Exit.]

SCENE

SCENE VII.

The Front of Mr. SEDGLEY'S House, by MOONLIGHT.

Enter STONEBANK, with a Letter.

Stonebank.

By the contents of this note, I am informed that Mr. Sedgley wishes to see me to-morrow on business of great importance, requests I will be punctual, and observe the profoundest secrecy;—something strange all this precaution; and old Robert, I understand, has not even called at my house to enquire for me. I feel my curiosity particularly excited. If I could but gain an interview with Laura, without disturbing the rest of the family, she perhaps would unriddle the whole affair. I'll attempt it, however.

A I R X.

Cruel Laura, look with pity,
On your tender love-sick swain;
Hear! oh hear! my plaintive ditty,
Hear, and ease me of my pain!

Look benign on one who loves you,
Dear as misers love their pelf,
Dearer still, ah! let me move you,—
Than a coxcomb loves himself.

Oh! how happy will our time pass,
If your love keep pace with mine,
Laugh when Time shall shake his hour glass,
Together mount to realms divine.

Sedgley.

Sedgley, (from a window.)

What murm'ring noise assails mine ear?

Some one whispering, seeming near;

My doors tight lock'd,

My windows block'd,

Banditti's visits need not fear,

While all below, stow'd safe and clear.

Laura, (from another window.)

Ah! Henry! is it you?

Fly, or we are undone,

My father!—haste—adieu!

Stonebank.

One word, and then—I'm gone.

Sedgley.

Some mischiefs, brewing, wary mark,

When rogues do rumble in the dark.

Laura.

Farewell! I can no longer stay.

Stonebank.

Cruel Laura!

Laura.

One last adieu, then haste away.

Stonebank.

Unkind Laura.

Both.

Submissive to dread Fate's decree,

Farewell!—adieu!—remember me!

[Exit Stonebank and Laura]

Sedgley.

Robbers, ruffians, murder, plunder!

Thus I'll rout, with wooden thunder.

(Springs a rattle.

Enter

ENTER a GROUPE of PEASANTS.

First Peasant.

Mercy on us, what a clatter,
Hell and furies! what's the matter?
Why that din and noise you're making?
With fear, the neighbourhood is quaking.

Sedgley.

Here's mischief brewing—wary mark!
I rogues heard rumble in the dark.

First Peasant.

Search well the premises around,
Seek if a rogue can there be found,

Minutely look,

Each hole and nook;

To hunt the tyger from his den,
Leave not a place would screen a wren;

But all with vigilance explore,

To bring the knave within your pow'r.

[Peasants retire.]

Sedgley.

When rogues do rumble in the dark,
Then honest men should wary mark,
Lest they in some ill-omen'd hour,
Should fall within their lawless pow'r.

[Peasants return.]

First Peasant.

Around the house all's still and clear,
There's not a rogue who dares appear.

Second Peasant.

The danger past, and robbers fled,
Again we'll hasten home to bed.

G

Sedgley.

Sedgley.

And ere to-morrow's break of day,
Your services I will repay.

[*Exit.*

Peasants, (all together.)

Thank your honor's bounteous mind,
Thus ever prone to good, inclin'd
To reward each active neighbour,
Satisfy them for their labor;
And all that's here shall wary mark,
When rogues do rumble in the dark.

[*Exit, different ways.*

END OF ACT SECOND.

ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE I.—*A Room in Mr. SEDGLEY'S House.*

Enter WILFORD and STONEBANK.

Wilford.

WALK this way, Sir! and I will acquaint my
Master of your arrival? [*Exit Wilford.*

Stonebank.

A gleam of hope revives my drooping spirits :—
What can Sedgley have to impart to me, but what
must allude to my dear Laura!—It cannot be again
to

to forbid me access to his house, for that would be unnecessary after his first peremptory injunction; should it be to release me from this prohibition, and suffer me as he was wont, to have free intercourse into his family!—The thought is rapture! I then, like the victorious veteran, who receives his proffered reward with heart-felt delight, made doubly dear by the danger he had passed, to deserve it.

A I R XI.

“ When war’s rude blast proclaims the dreadful carnage near,

“ And bids aspiring valor, unappall’d by fear,

“ Brave the battle’s rage;

“ The British soldier hurls destruction on his foe,

“ His King, his Country’s welfare, claim their overthrow,

“ Peace—grim war, assuage.

“ The doubtful contest o’er,

“ Rude perils threat no more;

“ Behold each brow’s entwin’d with victory’s laurel;

“ And thanks the welkin round,

“ Re-echo back the sound,

“ To those who bravely espous’d their country’s quarrel.”

Re-enter WILFORD.

Wilford.

A note from my Master, Sir?

(Stonebank receives the Note, and reads.

“ Sir,

“ Unavoidable occurrences have rendered it impossible

“ for me to impart to you, until eleven o’clock, those

"circumstances, for which I requested your attendance
 "here at ten. If you will condescend to wait on me an
 "hour hence, I trust I shall be enabled to elucidate to
 "your satisfaction, what at present must appear whimsical
 "and ambiguous;—be punctual, and do not interrogate
 "my Servant.

"Your's,

"R. SEDGLEY."

[Exit Wilford.]

Strange ! and incomprehensible all this ! Hope benignly lends her cheering rays to guide me through the dark intricate labyrinth of Disappointment and Despair, and whispers I shall yet be happy. The distressed Mariner, buffeted, and nearly shipwrecked by contending elements, utters not a Prayer with more fervency, that the tempestuous Billows may cease to lash his shattered Bark, and once more propitious waft him to his native soil, than I to have this mysterious proceeding of Sedgley's explained—to my satisfaction.

A T R XII.

The dauntless sailor braves the stormy main,
 And laughs to scorn the dastard coward's fear;
 Hope, cheers his mind, 'midst thunder, hail, and rain,
 That he once more shall view his Poll so dear.

The voyage o'er,
 Tight moor'd on shore,
 And Poll his bride,
 Safe by his side,

Enraptur'd tipples off the sparkling glass,
 Enjoys his friend, and hugs his bonny lass.

When

When England's foes appear in firm array,
 He views, with mind elate, the hostile train,
 Soon, soon they perish in the dread affray,
 And British tars triumphant rule the main.

The battle o'er,
 Tight moor'd on shore,
 And Poll, his bride,
 Safe by his side,
 Epraptur'd tipples off the sparkling glass,
 Enjoys his friend, and hugs his bonny lass.

[Exit.

SCENE II.

LAURA, Mr. SEDGLEY, and ROBERT, seated at
the Breakfast Table.

Sedgley.

Well, Laura, are you quite prepared to receive
 your swain? the intermediate time is nearly expired,
 —What! melancholy still?—Did you ever witness
 such perverseness before, Master Robert? to be
 angry with her old, fond father, for endeavouring to
 promote her happiness. What! dumb likewise?
 Ha! ha! ha!

Enter WILFORD.

Mr. Cardamom's below, Sir.

Sedgley.

Shew him up by all means;—his volubility will
 prove very acceptable to disperse the blue Devils
 from this silent assembly.

Laura.

Laura, (on her knees to Sedgley.)

Oh! my Father! save me from his detested sight, for my dear Mother's sake, whom I have often heard you mention with reverence and regret, and bitterly lament the harsh decree of Providence that so early separated you from her many virtues; for this dear fainted Angel's sake, if not for mine, be not accessory to the destruction of her child,—I feel I shall not long survive the morn which gives me an unwilling bride to Cardamom. Here will I cling, though you spurn me with your feet, trample me in the dust, yet will I not reproach you, grant but my petition, dismiss the object of my soul's aversion, and never, never will I disobey you more.

Sedgley.

Rise, Laura! compose yourself;—retire for a few minutes, and when I send to request your presence, you shall more fully be made acquainted with my determination. No reply for the present,—withdraw. *[Exit Laura.]*

Master Robert, you seem a little affected with the behaviour of this strange girl?

Robert.

Why, for matter of that, you seem a little touched yourself. It required almost more stability of temper than I am in possession of, to prevent my rushing between you, and informing her you were sporting with her feelings merely as a matter of diversion to yourself.

Sedgley.

Sedgley.

You are too severe, Master Robert; had Laura pursued the beaten path of discretion, and not suspected her father in his good intentions toward her, she had been spared this little wholesome correction.

A I R XIII.

The world's crooked mazes, with ease wou'd you measure,

Calamities gales wish to shun,

Make reason your pilot, contentment's a treasure,

By thoughtless excesses ne'er won.

Discretion's the safest protector you'll find,

It banishes care, and enriches the mind.

Reflection's engulf'd in the eddy of folly,

The moment's unheeded pass by,

Soon pleasure's succeeded by wan melancholy,

Remembrance produces a sigh.

Discretion's the safest protector you'll find,

It banishes care, and enriches the mind.

Hey-day! in the name of every thing that's ghastly,
what ails the man?

SCENE VII.

*Enter CARDAMOM, his Face scratched, and his
Clothes covered with filth.*

Cardamom.

Why, Sir, the great Doctor Cardamom tumbled
from the stupendous height of the rugged Brighton
Cliff, and ploughed the Beach with his nose.

Sedgley.

Sedgley and Robert.

Ha ! ha ! ha !

Sedgley.

Why you are not in a proper trim for an interview with your Bride-elect this morning ; why did you not shift yourself ?

Cardamom.

The hour of appointment was expired, ere I encountered this disagreeable casualty, and conceiving Mr. Sedgley might impute my absence to a want of attachment to his Daughter, I was determined to be present at the specified period, trusting, a recital of my very unpleasant catastrophe would be a sufficient excuse for the uncouthness of my appearance.

Sedgley.

I am astonished you were not more materially injured.

Cardamom.

I am astounded likewise ;—pitched, plump directly on my pericranium.

Robert, (aside)

Then thy escape is easily accounted for ; Neptune's territory cannot boast a rock more impenetrable, than thy thick, stupid head.

Sedgley.

Well, but how happened this ?

Cardamom.

I'll tell you :—Returning from my usual morning peregrination, about half an hour after nine o'clock, somewhat earlier than customary, in consequence of
my

my appointment with yourself at ten, I had nearly arrived within an hundred yards of my lodging, when I observed from my zeta ventanna, which commands a beautiful and extensive prospect of the sea, a profusion of my inimitable hand-bills were taking their flight, with the greatest precipitancy, into the watery element, owing to the neglect of the confounded Mircher I have the misfortune to employ, in not closing the sash before he quitted the room.

Sedgley and Robert.

Ha ! ha ! ha !

Cardamom.

Perceiving my best friends, my most valuable acquaintances, in imminent danger of drowning, I darted forward with extreme velocity,—if possible, to preserve them from the impending ruin, when an overgrown, effraible, Newfoundland mastiff, as fierce as a pardall, rushed with such rapid violence betwixt my legs, I lost my equilibrium, plunged headlong over the tremendous precipice, and with ponderous crash, saluted Neptune's stony soil below.

Sedgley and Robert.

Ha ! ha ! ha !

Sedgley.

Well, well, never mind it ; as the injury you have sustained is but trifling, your Bride will excuse your dirty appearance, when I have informed her of the occasion of it. Therefore we'll proceed to settle our business immediately ;—observe that trunk yon-

H

der,—

der,—it's contents, such as they are, I proffer to you as an earnest of my future favours.

Cardamom.

How shall I ever atone for this liberal and unexampled beneficence!—I hope Mrs. Cardamom, that is to be, has as thorough a sense of your generosity?

Sedgley.

Equally so, I assure you!—One thing I had very near forgot; your destined spouse requests you will not take it amiss, if she appears before you this morning, veiled.—I saw no impropriety in complying with her desire, and freely gave her my assent, to which I presume you will not object either?

Cardamom.

Certainly not; any thing which is most agreeable to my divine charmer, must with rapture be acceded to by her faithful and admiring Timothy.

Sedgley.

Well! that point settled, I will instantly proceed to introduce the Bride. (*Sedgley retires, and immediately returns with Mrs. Cardamom, veiled.*)

SCENE III.

Cardamom.

O thou bright form of female excellence! dispel the cloud which envelopes thy angelic charms! and permit thy enamoured swain to gaze on thy transcendent loveliness!—

Sedgley.

Sedgley.
An infringement on our agreement, Sir!

Cardamom.

I crave your pardon, Sir!—and stand corrected.

Sedgley.—

Well, well, I am satisfied;—but you have not examined my present; explore the trunk, and inform me if it meets your approbation?

Cardamom.

I am proud to obey you, Sir.—My fingers itch to be handling the old Codger's property. (*Aside.*)

(*Cardamom opens the chest, from which ascends Harding,—Cardamom starts back.*)

SCENE IV.

Cardamom.

Hell and the Devil!—Harding!!!

Sedgley and Robert.

Ha! ha! ha!

Harding.

A pretty dance this you have led me, truly;—but tremble, Sir! the hour of retribution is at hand.

Cardamom.

Mercy on me! I am in a cold sweat with amazement! I must brazen this out! (*Aside.*) — Pray, Sir, inform me what you would wish me to understand from this obfuscate, incomprehensible procedure? (*To Sedgley.*)

Sedgley and Robert.

Ha ! ha ! ha !

Cardamom.

Perhaps my sweet Laura will condescend—(*Mrs. Cardamom unveiled.*) — Ah ! my wife ! now the mystery's elucidated with a vengeance ! (*Appears confounded.*)

Sedgley.

I formerly acquainted you I should surprize you this morning—Ha ! ha ! ha !

Cardamom.

And a curst, confounded Disagreeable Surprize, has it proved !—Damn me ! if I know what to say, or whom to address first !

Sedgley.

I am passionately fond of being surprized, particularly when I have every reason to imagine the astonishment will prove agreeable.—Ha ! ha ! ha !

Mrs. Cardamom.

Well may'st thou shrink abashed, from the presence of thy much-injured wife !

Harding.

Made miserable by thy villainy !—and—

Cardamom.

Cease your obloquy ! ye poor ignorant acephalous wretch !—ye Scelerate !—ye Earth-worm !—ye Hell-kite !—ye Fustilarian !—ye Fuzball !—and presume but to utter an intermination, and my cane shall so batter your crazy shoulders, that six months hence
your

your aching Limbs shall reproach you for your temerity!

Harding.

What the Devil is it you say? (*advances to Card.*)

Cardamom.

Keep your effraible countenance further from my sight!—your words are Aconite! and the effluvia from your putrid lungs, Nosopoetic!

Harding.

Oh! you are sorry for what you have done! didn't you say so?

Cardamom.

No, I am not sorry!—you poor, silly, stupid, proletarius animal!—

Harding.

You are not sorry! for which you do not hesitate to pronounce yourself a stupid animal!—There is a person below, who has assured me, that a lesson or two from himself, would conduce to make you wiser. Who waits there?—Shew Mr. Catch'em up stairs—

SCENE V.—*Enter a BAILIFF.*

Harding.

That's your man, Sir! (*pointing to Cardamom.*)

Bailiff, (claps him on the shoulder.)

You are my prisoner, Sir!—Please to examine this little scrip of paper. (*Cardamom receives the writ.*)

Cardamom,

Cardamom, (reads)

Harding—One Hundred Pounds—I am petrified?

Sedgley.

Thus is it ever ;—the lawless Ruffian, the Seducer, and the Swindler, may prosper for a time in their iniquitous vocations, and defy the breath of calumny ;—but Justice, ever slow to punish, eventually overtakes them. In what better light dost thou at present appear, than the Ruffian, the Seducer, or the Swindler ?—Thy unremitted assiduities, which obtained the unsuspecting affections of this Lady—(*pointing to Mrs. Cardamom*)—accomplished with no other motive than basely to rob her of what little property she possessed, and then to leave her friendless and unprotected, is a species of seduction too horrible for contemplation.—And to this worthy Gentleman, thy conduct has been such, as the vilest Swindler might blush to have imputed to him : Hast thou not, under false pretences, wheedled from him a sum of money, which he could ill afford to part with, which no sooner hadst thou gained possession of, but thou absconded from his Sister, and embezzled that specie which was intended for her immediate support !—The evil thou wouldst have planted in my family, hadst thou but succeeded in thy black endeavours, would have been irremediable : — The midnight Ruffian, whose aim is only plunder, the depredations he commits, Time may repair ;—the blackest deed in his whole catalogue of crimes, were an

an act of virtue, in competition with *thy* atrocious determination ;—thou wouldst have poisoned, for ever, the happiness of a whole family, whom thou hadst no reason but to imagine were thy dearest friends, and though thy miserable carcass had been expoed a public spectacle for thy heinous offences, it would not have eradicated the fell sting of remorse from the breast of a too credulous parent, and his desponding family.

Mrs. Cardamom.

Your words appear to have made a forcible impression on his obduracy :—I'll speak to him myself. —Cardamom—(*advancing closer to him*)—Why did you cruelly abandon your loving wife ; whose only anxiety was to make you comfortable ?

Cardamom.

Why the truth is, I never could blend my colloquy, with your twittletwattle.

Sedgley.

I am afraid the dog's incorrigible.

Cardamom.

But, however, my dear wife, obtain for me Mr. Sedgley's condonation,—persuade your Brother to dismiss the Bailiff,—cease all objurgation yourself, kindly obduce my indiscretions, and my recovery from obliquation shall prove propitious ; do this, and yourself shall be my proplasm for example in future.

Mrs.

Mrs. Cardamom.

On those conditions, and on only those, will my Brother once more proffer you his friendship.

Sedgley.

You may retire—*(to the Bailiff.)*—Mr. Harding's just demand I peremptorily insist on answering myself. Accept this trifle!—*(Offers Cardamom a Note, which he accepts.)*

Cardamom.

Heavens! a Note for One Hundred Pounds!

Sedgley.

And at the expiration of two years from this period, if Mrs. Cardamom will condescend personally to acquaint me, that you still continue to reside with her in the bond of amity, I will then proffer you the fellow to it.

Cardamom.

Your generosity confounds me!—I know not how to—

Sedgley.

Cease your commendations, and do not be surprised when I inform you it was never my intention you should marry Laura. You appear amazed! but your wife some other time will acquaint you more about it. It was my original determination to present, for your acceptance, One Hundred Pounds, a sum, I conceived adequate to the trouble you would experience on my account.

Enter

Enter WILFORD.

Mr. Stonebank's below, Sir.

Sedgley.

Master Robert, do you step into the next room for my daughter; and I'll retire, and introduce Mr. Stonebank.—(*Sedgley and Robert introduce Laura and Stonebank, opposite sides.*)

SCENE VI.

Sedgley.

Now, Laura, instantly, and without replying, receive the Man I have selected for your Husband;—there, take her! and Heaven bless you together!

Laura.

Astonishment! Stonebank!

Stonebank.

My ever adored Laura! I am mute with joy and amazement!

Laura.

This is almost too much for my agitated frame to support!

Stonebank.

And do I then behold my Laura! the object of my daily orisons! whom I imagined torn from my longing sight for ever!—Oh! Sir! your beneficence—(*To Sedgley.*)

Sedgley.

Well, well,—what you was about to express, may be all very true; but the less that's said, the better.

I

I shall

I shall be pleased; had you never ungenerously suspected my principles, and conceived the loss of part of your property an inducement sufficient to retard, if not eventually to prevent your marriage with my daughter, I never had thus prolonged your nuptials.

Stonebank.

How shall I ever atone for my unjust suspicions?

Sedgley.

By making her a tender husband, and burying our past grievances in oblivion.

Stonebank.

Whom do I behold! Robert!—What am I to understand from this alteration in your appearance?

Robert.

Interrogate Mr. Sedgley, he can give you the best information.

Sedgley.

A confederacy, to punish yourself! that's all.—

Stonebank.

My good old nurse, your wife, living?—and—

Robert.

All! every thing the reverse of what I endeavoured to persuade you to credit this morning;—and believe me sincere, when I assure you, I am heartily glad to see you thus happy. (Shake hands.)

Stonebank.

You have removed a heavy burden from my mind:—The remembrance of your imaginary distresses

troubles would have oppressed my spirits, amidst all the cheerfulness that surrounds me. But say, how came you on this part of the globe?

Sedgley.

You shall be informed of the particulars some other time.—Hey-day! who have we here?

SCENE VII.

Enter WILFORD and ROSETTE.

Wilford.

Rosette, and myself, an if it be agreeable to your Honour, wish to join the hymeneal party.

Sedgley.

What says Rosette?

Rosette.

He will have his way, your Honour! and should I oppose him now, he will tease me into compliance when we are by ourselves:—Therefore if one is to be married, the sooner a body's out of pain, the better.

Wilford.

We have long had a bit of a sneaking kindness for each other, your Honour!

Sedgley.

Well, well, if you are both agreed, I have no objection.—(To Robert) Had I followed your advice, and not have punished the parties for the reprehensible part of their procedure, our mutual hap-

piness had never been so compleat ;—for Mrs. Cardamom would not have had the opportunity, of so amicably reclaiming her husband ; and myself had lost the satisfaction of being accessary to a good action, and you the pleasure of being witness to it. But, however, since a concurrence of unexpected circumstances, has rendered our bliss reciprocal, let us join in joyful exclamations by expressing our general approbation.

A I R X I V .

F I N A L E .

C H O R U S .

Since we agree,
Let's merry be,
No one our mirth oppose,
Rejoice and sing,
Long live the King,
And death to England's foes.

Rosette.

With jocund tale, and merry glee,
We'll close the bridal day.

Wilford.

And then Rosette, so merrily—
Fa, la, lal, lal, de, ray.

Chorus—*Since we agree, &c.*

Cardamom.

Come then, dear spouse, forgive the past !

Mrs. Cardamom.

I readily agree.

Harding.

Harding.

Thus friends long parted, meet at last ;—

Mrs. Cardamom.

More firm in amity.

Chorus—*Since we agree, &c.*

Laura.

Hear Laura too, in jocund strain,

Her joyous notes express ;

A tender Father—constant Swain,

To crown her happiness.

Chorus—*Since we agree, &c.*

Stonebank.

Blest in the arms of her I love,

I'm happy fixt for life ;

As I a tender husband prove,

May you a loving wife.

Chorus—*Since we agree, &c.*

Stonebank.

O joy supreme, thanks mighty Jove—

Laura.

I'm happy fixt for life ;—

Stonebank.

I will a tender husband prove—

Laura.

And I a loving wife.

Chorus—*Since we agree, &c.*

Sedgley.

One boon, I'd ask, I dare surmise,

You'll let me gain my cause ;

The DISAGREEABLE SURPRIZE,

May meet with your applause.

Since

(62)

Since we agree,
Let's merry be,
No one our mirth oppose;
Rejoice and sing,
Long live the King,
And death to England's foes.

THE END.

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